

**BURIAL, MEMORIAL & THANKSGIVING
S E R V I C E
F O R T H E L A T E**



Madam

SOPHIA AKUA ATTA FUWAH BAIDEN

.....

1953 - 2019

*On Saturday, 7th December, 2019 at Transitions-the Funeral People,
Atomic-Kwabena Main Road, Haatso, Accra*

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

Rev. Dr. Sam Ato Bentil
Rev. Seth Aggor
Rev. Nana Kumi-Manu
Rev. Mrs. Florence Bentil
Pastor Andrew Avumega
Pastor Daniel Oppong Adjei Jnr
Pastor Martin Osei-Bonsu

Order of Service

ORDER OF SERVICE PART I

Choruses: Praise Team

Filing Past the Corpse:

Opening Prayer:

Hymn 1: The Solid Rock

Scripture Reading: 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18

English:

Twi:

Offering: Praise Team

Biography: Family Member

Tributes:

Brothers and Sisters

Widower

Children

Grandchildren In-Law

Hymn 2: Jesus Keep Me Near the Cross

Sermon

Prayer for the Family:

Offering: Praise Team

Closing Prayer:

Recession Hymn 3: It Is Well with My Soul.

ORDER OF SERVICE PART II

Hymn 4: Guide Me, O Thou Great
Jehovah

Exhortation:

Committal:

Presentation of Wreaths:

Thanksgiving: Family Member

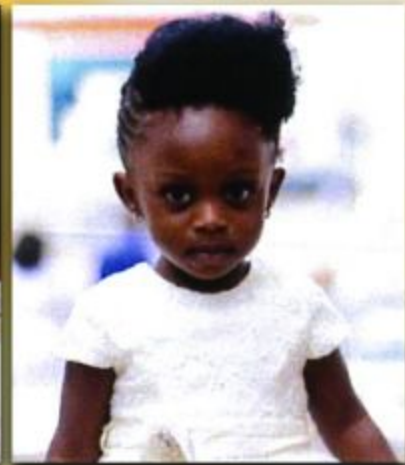
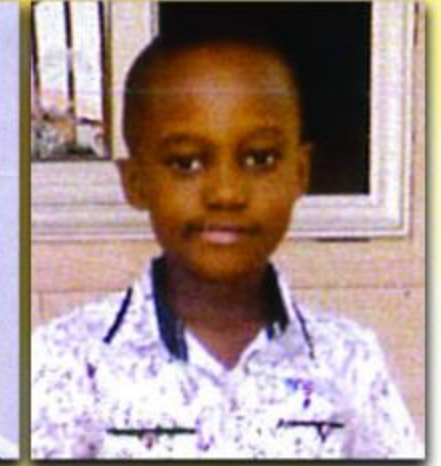
Benediction:

Hymn 5: Sweet By And By

Grand Children



P H O T O G R A P H



Tribute TO OUR BELOVED GRANDMOTHER (GRANDMA AUNTY) BY GRANDCHILDREN

"Jesus said to her, 'I am the resurrection and the life. Whoever believes in me, though he dies, yet shall he live, and everyone who lives and believes in me shall never die.' - John 11:25-26"

This is a tribute that is difficult for us to read. "Grandma Aunty passed away". These four words felt like a dagger to the chest, knowing that you are gone. But we know you will never be forgotten.

The love of our grandma was unique. God might have given grandmother to us to liven up our lives, to make our lives more complete, to make us well rounded and better human beings. She taught us a lot about love and the meaning of family. She has never been just 'a grandmother', but our guardian, our friend and our inspiration.

We love you grandma — Her early morning and evening phone calls to find out how we are doing, whether we have done our home works, bathed and had eaten. We remember her various gifts she bought for us. Whenever, anyone of us was sick, our grandmother will lock her shop and travel all the way from Elubo to Accra to visit us. For she will never go back to Elubo until you are well.

The only way to get hurt in this life is to care. Grandma Aunty cared more than most, loved more than most and was made to suffer more than most because of just how much she cared. But no matter how many times she was knocked down or made to endure things that no one should, she just kept coming back; caring more and loving more—opening herself up to even more pain. Yet there were never any complaints or bitterness—it was the only way she knew how to live.

The kind of love Grandma Aunty had for us was a love without condition. She may not have approved of everything we did, may not have liked some of the decisions we made, but she loved and nurtured us. She lived a simple life. It didn't take much to make her happy—a phone call, a visit, a handshake or a kiss before saying good night. She lived to make our lives better and was proud of us.

You were truly a special, special woman! You may have passed on, but your memories would always live with us. Thank you for your sacrifices, your care and concern, your love and everything that you have done for me.

Maybe we can learn to lean on each other and rely on each other the way we always knew that we could with her. So, for your wisdom, your humour, tenderness and compassion, your understanding, your patience and your love; thank you, Grandma Aunty. After you, Grandma Aunty, the mould was indeed broken. Thank you so much. We love you.

REST IN PEACE

Hymns

HYMN 4- GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

*1. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land.
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.*

*Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore;*

*Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.*

*2. Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.*

*Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.*

*Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.*

*3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.*

*Songs of praises, I will ever give to Thee;
Songs of praises, I will ever give to Thee.*

HYMN 5- IN THE SWEET BY AND BY

*1 There's a land that is fairer than day,
and by faith we can see it afar;
for the Father waits over the way
to prepare us a dwelling place there.*

Refrain:

*In the sweet by and by,
we shall meet on that beautiful shore.*

*In the sweet by and by,
we shall meet on that beautiful shore.*

*2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
the melodious songs of the blest;
and our spirits shall sorrow no more,
not a sigh for the blessing of rest.*

[Refrain]

*3 To our bountiful Father above
we will offer our tribute of praise
for the glorious gift of his love
and the blessings that hallow our days.*

[Refrain]

Children



P H O T O G R A P H





Let Me Go - By Christina Rossetti

When I come to the end of the road

And the sun has set for me

I want no rites in a gloom filled room

Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little, but not for long

And not with your head bowed low

Remember the love that once we shared

Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take
and each must go alone.

It's all part of the master plan

A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick at heart

Go the friends, we know.

Laugh at all the things we used to do

Miss me, but let me go.

When I am dead my dearest

Sing no sad songs for me

Plant thou no roses at my head

Nor shady cypress tree

Be the green grass above me

With showers and dewdrops wet

And if thou wilt remember and if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows, I shall not fear the rain;

I shall not hear the nightingale Sing on as if in pain;

And dreaming through the twilight That doth not

rise nor set, Haply I may remember, and haply may forget.



Biography

Of the Late

*Madam
Sophia Akua*
ATTA FUWAH BAIDEN

Tribute TO MOTHER-IN-LAW- SOPHIA AKUA ATTA FUWAH BAIDEN - BY IN-LAWS

*"On the path of righteousness is life, and in its pathway there is no death." -
Proverbs 12:28*

As we pen down this tribute, we are yet to fully recover from the eruptions of shock that we had since the demise of our beloved friend and mother-in-law. The fateful day, September 26th 2019, was a gloomy day we would never ever forget, day that our beloved mother-in-law was taken away from us by her Maker.

Its been said that a mother's heart is the child's classroom. We thank God for all that our mother-in-law, Sophia Akua Atta Fuwah Baiden has taught us through the years. She is a portrait of a godly mother, and we are proud to be her son and daughter-in-law.

There comes a moment when one realizes just how blessed they are. We are blessed in love, health, friendship, and especially family. We are grateful that our mother-in-law, who has been a friend since we married her children. We are grateful because we were welcomed by a new family as though we had always been members. But most importantly, we are grateful for you, one of the kindest, most loving, and supportive individuals we have been lucky enough to call our mother-in-law. It isn't often one feels completely confident about the relationship with their mother-in-law, and we are proud to be one of those fortunate individuals with two moms who love us unconditionally, flaws and all. But one thing we have noticed with our mother-in-law for the years we have been her son and daughter-in-law, is her spirit of independence. We want to thank you for listening to us, and offering guidance whenever we need it.

Our mother-in-law was an example and inspiration to us and our families. She had much an impact in our lives through her own life and through the life of her wonderful son and daughter. She gave us a precious man and woman, with whom we share our lives.

Our darling mother-in-law deserves garlands, not wreaths; Praises, not tears; Smiles, not sorrows and Happiness, not sadness. The mother-in-law, we knew, lived life both in good times and in bad. She endured with a gritty, patient, endurance. Even at that, she never ceased to share her good fortunes with others. And for her, there were many to boot.

We know our mother-in-law is with Jesus now, happily enjoying eternity in Heaven. Even, as we bid her a well-deserved farewell, we can overhear her whispering in her usual clarity the following message: Don't worry, all will be well.

REST IN PERFECT PEACE

Rest well Mum.



P H O T O G R A P H



Tribute TO A DEAR SISTER - BY BROTHERS AND SISTERS

"The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit." - Psalm 34:18

On the 26th September 2019, our whole world came crashing down, when we got that call that you left this place, it feels like years but it has only been months, and yet that is still too long. We still love you the same as if you were still here with us, laughing during the good times and crying during the bad ones.

It was joy unlimited when Sophia Akua Atta Fuwah Baiden was born into our family on the 23rd September, 1953 at Agona Kwanyarko in the Central Region.

Today - 7th December is 73 days that our sister Sophia Akua Atta Fuwah Baiden passed on to her Maker. Her death has been such a shock for our family. We miss her laughter, her warmth. She has left such a hollow in us. We know that many of you have already suffered the sorrowful loss of a sibling. We now join your mournful ranks. Please indulge us for choosing this space to pay our sister's tribute.

Our sister was one of our heroes in life. She had an irrepressible goodness and sense of humour about her which the trials of life could never overcome.

As children we grew up together but as we grew older, we grew apart, as most siblings do. We had our own set of friends and our own set of goals for our lives, but that still didn't change the fact that you were our sister. We know it was GOD that took you away because He wanted to bring his best worker back home. We are sad and happy at the same time because we know you are watching over us.

We miss being able to call you any time and spend hours talking about everything under the sun. There was nothing that we wouldn't do for you and nothing that you wouldn't do for us. You supported the family in various ways by paying hospital bills, taking care of some of our children's education, catering for them and many more, We always wish you were still here with us enjoying life, but we can understand why God would want such a beautiful angel on His side from now until eternity. Just know that we love and miss you. And this is the tribute to you, our sister.

The family kept a continual prayer vigil for her for those last days — an outpouring of love, honour and respect. We will always love you. We will sincerely miss you. We believe you are already resting in the sanctuary of the Lord. See you then at the sound of the Heavenly Trumpets.

Rest in eternal peace! Rest on Dear Sister! Forever in Our Hearts.



"But our commonwealth is in heaven, and from it we await a Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, who will change our lowly body to be like his glorious body, by the power which enables him even to subject all things to himself." - Philippians 3:20-21

Madam Sophia Akua Atta Fuwah Baiden, affectionately called Aunty Atta/Atta/ Aunty Sophia/Sophia mostly by her siblings and friends was born on the 21st October, 1953 at Agona Kwanyarko to Mr. Paul Yaw Okyere Baiden and Esi Amomaku, both of blessed memory.

Madam Sophia Akua Atta Fuwah Baiden attended Anglican School at Agona Kwanyarko where she attained her Middle School Leaving Certificate. Whilst at school, she successfully went through the baptism and confirmation classes. After completing school, she became an apprentice and graduated after one and half years as a master seamstress. She operated as a seamstress for some number of years at Agona Swedru in the Central Region.

She also worked at the Asutsuare Sugar Factory in the Eastern Region and later moved to live with her Uncle, Sergeant S. K. Addai, who was a Police officer with the Ghana Police Service in Kwamesekrom in the now Bono Region. At Kwamesekrom, her Uncle assisted her to set up a dressmaking shop from her personal savings made whilst working at the Asutsuare Sugar Factory coupled with a great support from her uncle.

Madam Sophia Akua Atta Fuwah Baiden met Mr. Solomon Kwasi Bempeh Appiah and got married. The couple moved to Sampa in the Bono Region.

In her professional life as a trader she had a sterling reputation for excellence, honour and integrity. Being industrious by nature and a woman who never

gave up easily, she strived to be the best or among the best in all her endeavours. At Sampa, she started trading in Kente fabrics.

Subsequently, she relocated to Elubo in the Western Region to continue her trade. At Elubo she continued plying her Kente trade and later changed to the sale of GTP and ATL fabrics. Similarly, she changed her line of business and engaged in the sale of ladies' shoes and bags until her untimely death.

Madam Sophia Akua Atta Fuwah Baiden was an excellent and successful business woman by all standards. Her knack and prowess for entrepreneurship was evident from the aforementioned stages of her work life. She ensured that these traits and values were transferred to her children.

Atta, as she was affectionately called by her extended family and close friends, was a big contributor and benefactor. She was kind and generous, demonstrated an intimate familiarity with God's Word, resonated a calm and quietness of spirit, was grounded in courage and strength and imparted wise advice.

On the 26th September 2019, she left the earth to rest to be with her Maker after a short illness at the Greater Accra Regional Hospital (Ridge Hospital). She left behind three children and ten grandchildren.

Fare thee well Aunty Sophia.

Damirifa due! Damirifa due!

Rest Well with Your Maker. Amen!

Tribute

BY HUSBAND – SOLOMON KWASI BEMPEH APPIAH

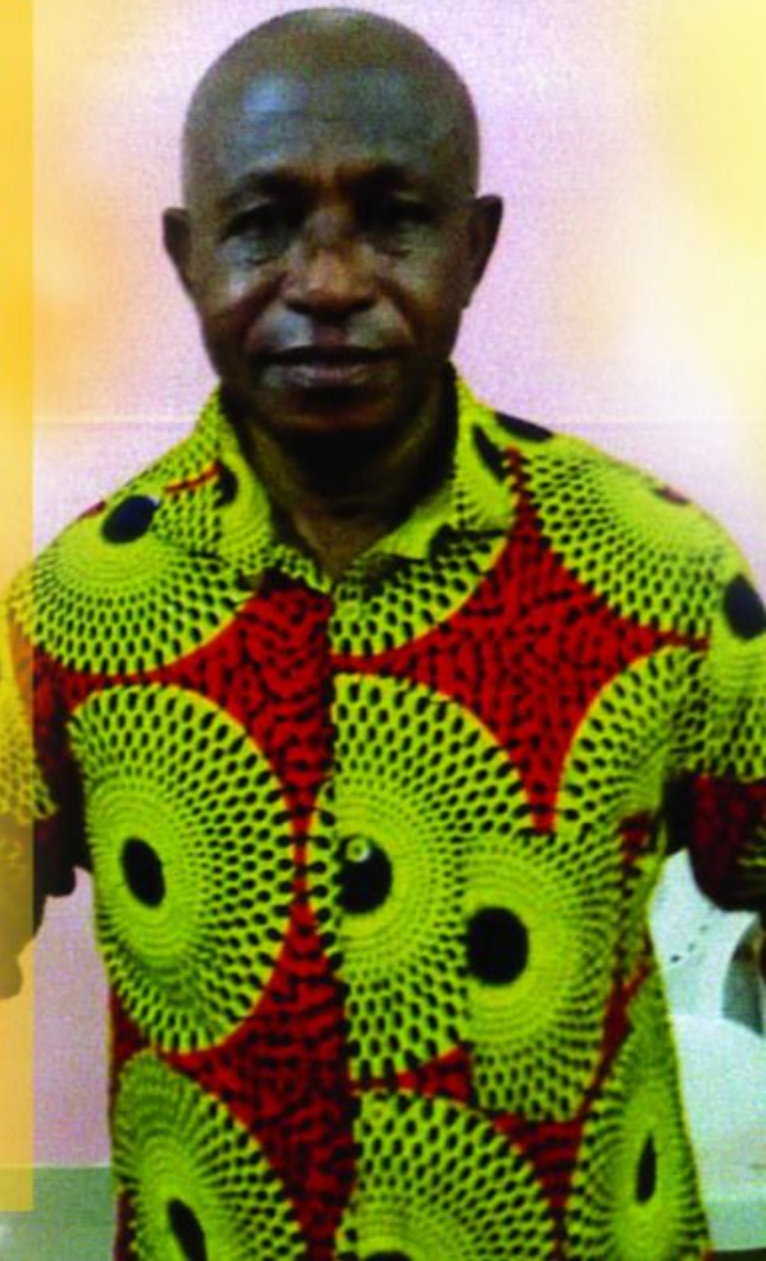
"For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord." - Romans 8:38-39

It is with a heavy heart that I write this tribute to my dear wife. Not only do I mourn her departure, but I also celebrate the life of a truly selfless and hardworking woman. Both our lives had very humble beginnings. Both of us were traders and by a dint of hard work she progressed steadily in her business and became successful by all standards. She had a taste for quality and passed that on to our children and grandchildren. She was very supportive and provided for most of their clothing and financed their education. She helped in giving the children a very solid foundation in life.

Like all marriages, we had our fair share of ups and downs but by the grace of God, we put the past behind us and moved on. She was my solace and support during the critical stage of my ill-health the recent past five years. She took very good care of me ensuring that all that I needed is provided and that I lacked nothing. Atta, I will never and ever forget the love that you did showed to me. I will forever be grateful for the gift God gave me in you.

Your death has really brought home to me some hard realities of life especially that our life on this earth is very short; and that it is only God who enables or disables a man's plans. I am still struggling to come to terms with the fact that you are gone. There are many questions on my mind and many things I would have loved to discuss with you. But where are you Atta? The memories of our early struggles still linger in my mind. Oh death, you are cruel! My consolation lies in the fact that you knew Christ and laboured for him. Therefore, you have a good place to rest from your labour. May you rest in perfect peace till we meet again in Heaven. Together with our children, I will honour your memory.

Fare thee well, my love. Damirifa due! Damirifa due!



Tribute TO OUR BELOVED MOTHER - BY CHILDREN

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore, we will not fear though the earth gives way, though the mountains be moved into the heart of the sea." Psalm 46:1-2

We never thought it would come to this. In our heads, you were going to live forever but we guess that was just wishful thinking. As Christians, we are taught to thank God in all circumstances. Death is something no one can prepare for and we learnt this earlier than we would have wanted to in life.

Never in our entire lives, did we think we would have to write your tribute so early. You were so full of life. You were to live to see your great great grandchildren. Auntie as we affectionately call you, we still struggle to come to terms with losing you; our mother, our best friend, our confidant, our role model, our motivator and the big sister everyone would wish for.

Mom, you were our shining star and we hope you knew just how bright you were. You may not have known, but we admired you greatly.

We are yet to encounter an individual who works harder and has more determination than you did. Mom, you made sure whatever you set out to do, you did to the best of your ability. Your hard work showed, because your projects flourished. You were visionary and listened to the still, small voice of calm, the Holy Spirit, whenever you needed to take a major decision. Your intuition was spot on, mom. Your unflinching obedience to God ensured you had favour wherever you went.

You taught us to persevere and instilled in us the need to give of our best in whatever we set out to do which was worth doing.

You insisted that we always, relentlessly, pursue excellence. We learnt from you that courage is a necessity and not a luxury. Mother (Auntie), you loved to a fault. We watched you forgive, forget and welcome with open arms, people who had hurt you deeply. You epitomized the Christian principle of forgiveness and true forgetfulness.

Mom, we admired your generosity! As long as you had, you gave freely. Everything she did, she did with good intentions. She was the most generous person we know, and freely offered timely assistance and timeless advice. Your grandchildren and great grandchildren, both born and unborn will hear of the wonderful woman you were.

Mom, you taught us to be strong, so although this hurts immensely, we will be strong, for we know you would not have it any other way. Auntie, you have left a big pair of shoes for us to fill. Mom, we will miss your early morning calls, chats, laughter and jokes we shared.

We are very grateful for the privilege of being your children. Thank you for being the best mother anyone could ask for.

We really believed that you were the modern-day Dorcas from Acts 9. We initially tried to plead with God for your return, we offered Him many things, chief among them our tears, but He knows best.

We console ourselves that He has hidden you in a cool, comfortable, nurturing place, where there is only love, peace and joy. A place where you will no longer experience sorrow, anxiety, pain, betrayal or disappointment.

We hope you are well and well-rested.

Thank you for your selfless support and the boundless love you showed us.

REST IN PERFECT PEACE MOTHER!

Till We meet again!

Damirifa due! Damirifa due!

Hymns

HYMN 1 – THE SOLID ROCK

1. My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness
I dare not trust the sweetest frame
But wholly lean on Jesus' Name

Chorus:

Oh Christ the solid Rock I stand
All other ground is sinking sand
All other ground is sinking sand

2. When darkness seems to hide His face
I rest on His unchanging grace
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil
(Chorus)

3. His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood
When all around my soul gives way
He then is all my Hope and Stay
(Chorus)

4. When He shall come with trumpet sound
Oh may I then in Him be found
Dressed in His righteousness alone
Faultless to stand before the throne
(Chorus)

HYMN 2 - JESUS, KEEP ME NEAR THE CROSS

1. Jesus, keep me near the cross;
there a precious fountain,
free to all, a healing stream,
flows from Calvary's mountain.

Refrain:

In the cross, in the cross,
be my glory ever,
till my raptured soul shall find
rest beyond the river.

2. Near the cross, a trembling soul,
love and mercy found me;
there the bright and morning star
sheds its beams around me.
(Refrain)

3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
bring its scenes before me;
help me walk from day to day
with its shadow o'er me.
(Refrain)

4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
hoping, trusting ever,
till I reach the golden strand
just beyond the river.
(Refrain)

HYMN 3 - IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

1. When peace like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say
It is well, it is well, with my soul

Chorus:

It is well
With my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul

2. Though Satan should buffet, though
trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless
estate,

And hath shed His own blood for my soul
(Chorus)

3. My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, o my soul
(Chorus)



Madam

SOPHIA AKUA ATTA

FUWAH BAIDEN



1953 - 2019

